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The Song of the Morning.

F. W. H.

ARISE, Arise!

The glorious sun is rising too,
And let thine eyes behold

God's skies so blue.

The birds with ruffled feathers fling
The glistening dewdrops from the wing,
And rising skyward madly sing

Arise! Arise!

Arise! Arise!

The keen, fresh, trembling air implies,

And on the cheek that palely glows,

My breath shall paint a blushing rose,

Let ardent nature edify

Then like the birds that madly fly,

The wild blood through thy veins will cry

Arise! Arise!

Where the Heart Leads.

FRANK WILLIAM HOLSLAG.



HERE is no part of this great wide world that does not appeal to some one.

The teeming cities of the East, the tented camps of the West, each in turn attracts some of God's creatures.

Far off in the burning desert, the land of dead things, one will find some poor creature eking out an apparently miserable yet contented existence.

In all the silence of the long Arctic night one is startled as the clear beams of the Polar stars disclose a lonely hut amid all the melancholy waste of the frozen scene.

The dismal woman-like wail of the lone prairie-wolf falls upon some human ear beneath the cloud-cast moon; and almost every speck-like island of the distant seas, and the dark bleak passes of the mountains, harbor some poor soul.

In my time, I have wandered far, and I too have succumbed to that mystic charm of a land of heart's desire.

Nature has mothered me, and I love her as only a child of the woods, and the plains, and the streams can. Come!—I will show you where my heart lies;—where wait the faces I love the best, and where I want to die

Come!—it is in the Southland; down in Dixie, the land of sunshine, and gloom.

Far, far in the rear we have left a sleepy little southern village to doze amid the downy fields of snow-white cotton.

The sandy trail so distinguishable at its beginning is gradually growing narrower and more indistinct as we continue along its level, winding way.

Following onward we leave the open fields of ripened cotton and tasseled corn far behind.

Soon, the quaint log bridges are wanting, and almost unconscious of their absence, we ford through the clear cool waters of many little sandy-bottomed streams that cross our trail; feeling as we do so, that all this is perfectly natural and in harmony with our surroundings.

Berry bushes heavily laden with their picturesque wild fruit adorn the wayside, and wild flowers are distilling an irresistible perfume in the mellow light of the warm southern sun.

Now and then we hear the idle melodies of a mocking bird from the thick brush, or we are fairly startled by the brilliant flash of a scarlet-tanager as that fiery messenger of the forest darts about amid the green foliage of our surroundings.

Entwined in all this alluring enchantment of Nature's beauty we wander onward along the narrow trail until our elbows touch the bushes of the wayside, and almost unconsciously we enter the profound silence and awe-inspiring gloom of a great, Southern forest.

Far into the darkest depths of this wood we follow our ever-diminishing trail, feeling like minute beings beside the massive towering trunks of the wood-folk.

It is day, but the thick, opaque canopy of evergreen boughs that tremble above us excludes the light of the summer sun, and here in the depths beneath, the forest shades reign supreme.

As we wander on through the very heart of this dense wood we suddenly come to a low rough cabin.

Truly it is a humble abode, but it is—a home!

Those cabin walls of unbarked logs rose through the love in a man's heart; and every stone in that crude-built chimney was gathered through a greater love, in a woman's.

They are but poor forest-children, rough and untutored, but they are kind and lovable.

Come, let us go in,—and with them you will forget all the cares of the great, mad world.

Come, their hearth will be your hearth; and you will be as welcome as the air you breathe: for they are my people, and God's.

Behind the Scenes.

JOSEPH J. THOLE.

Louis Hilgarty, with his black hair in an unusual state of entanglement and disorder, sat writing at his high raked desk half buried amid a litter of papers and well-worn class books. Before him lay an open ink-stained dictionary which served as a refuge and consolator for the ignorant and at the same time an effective paper weight.

As Louis dipped his pen into the ink the door suddenly swung open and in burst "Dutchy," his roommate, with arms full of books.

"Howde, Lu," ejaculated Dutchy in an air of jollity, as he walked over to his desk.

"Fine," returned Louis writing hurriedly with his scratching pen, "classes out already?"

"Already?" echoed Dutchy quizzically. "It's nearly four now, but you can go to the night school in the Bend if you want."

Louis smiled as he crossed a "t" and stopped a sentence with a period.

"Say, Lu, but putting all jokes aside, I got some good news to-day." Dutchy laid down his young library of books and threw his cap over the horn of his chair.

"What's that, goina' push lines Thursday?" Louis twisted his face into a smile but continued writing.

"Push lines!" scorned Dutchy dejectedly. "Guess aber nit. Say if you had to earn a livin' by guessing you wouldn't make enough in a lifetime to buy a pair of leggins for a mosquito."

Louis' voice chirruped out into a note of audible laughter. He blotted the fresh ink carefully and then looked up.

"Well, let's have it then if I've missed the margin that far."

"You know that story I wrote for English some time ago?" began Dutchy.

Louis began to think; he scratched his head and his brows furrowed. "You mean—a—you mean that one—'A Cowboy's Fortune?'"

"Yes," consented Dutchy with a lively nod of the head. "Well you know I handed it in the other day, and today the 'Prof.' called me up after class and asked me about it."

"Say," he said, "did you write that story yourself? Is the plot all your own?"

"Why, sure," I replied, "Why?"

"Another student," he said, "handed in a story a short time ago with the same plot. I thought maybe you might have borrowed the idea from him. He was trying his out for the 'SCHOLASTIC.'"

"Why, no Prof., 'I said, 'that story is all my own. I didn't get the plot from any one. I don't know of anyone who has written a story like that. This is but a rare coincidence that the two are alike.'"

"Yes, I see the situation now all right," he said. "Well now in order to give you boys each a fair chance, I tell you what I'll do. I'll hand you back your stories and let you rewrite and revise them, and then the one that's the better I'll have it published in the SCHOLASTIC."

"I got mine back today. Now believe me, Lu, I'm goin' a git to work. No more loafin' or skivin' for mine. I'm goin' a git that story in the SCHOLASTIC—say, Lu, you'll help me write it won't you?" He broke off abruptly as he

looked at Louis with a hopeful and confident gleam in his eye.

"In the SCHOLASTIC?" queried Louis, wonder eyed, "certainly, Dutch, certainly, anything to help an old pal. That surely will be great if you get that story in print. That's great. You're equal to the occasion all right, Dutch," he added assuringly.

"That's the 'pep,' Lu. I'm goina start writin' right now, and if anyone asks for me, I'm not in, see?" Dutchy swung himself into his chair and with a few loud thumps and shuffles upon the floor he laboriously jerked himself up to his desk. After hurriedly running his fingers through his hair he took his pen and pad and began to write.

Day in and day out during the ensuing week Dutchy labored at his story. He worked on it by day and worried about it at night. He would write it and then give it to Louis for corrections and suggestions, who was his senior in classes by two years. Louis in turn would thrash and sieve the story down to half its original length and then hand it back to the author as a field for further mistakes and blunders.

This balance method of writing continued until the story was completed and had reached the pinnacle of perfection—in Dutchy's estimation.

Dutchy's literary task had come to a close on Monday morning, and the author looked prospectively jubilant as he played with his pen between his fingers and rested his wearied and exhausted brain. He and Louis went over the story carefully together the final time before submitting it to the professor that afternoon. They challenged every word, no mistakes were cited, save where a "t" was not crossed, or an "i" left undotted.

"There," sighed Dutchy as he threw down his pen, stamped the cork on the ink bottle and folded his paper, "that's the best that's in me if that don't win I'm not to blame."

"You goin a leave the same title on as before?" asked Louis.

"Yes," replied the other rising from his desk. "You see, the other guy has his story titled the same way, so I'll leave it as it is—well, guess I'll hand it in this afternoon and await the final outcome."

When Dutch returned from class he was unable to contain himself. He sputtered words as was his usual fashion when excited and worked up. After he had vomited chunks of mean-

ingless words he managed to harness a few intelligible sentences.

"Ba gunners, Lu, the Prof. said that the best story would be printed in Saturday's SCHOLASTIC. Ba all the departed sneaker I hope I win. Ba gunners, won't that be great—in print! Say, Lu, don't you think I'll win?" Dutchy paced the floor fumbling his hands in the depths of his pockets.

"Why sure, you'll win, you boob. You don't need to git a brain storm about it though," replied Louis in an aristocratic tone of reproach, "just look at the time you put on it. That other guy won't have a ghost of a show. You'll win all right, Dutch, don't lose any sleep over that, you'll win."

"Gee, that sounds sweeter than honey tastes and almost too good to believe." Dutchy threw himself upon the couch and nervously and thoughtlessly picked at a leather button. "But we'll wait for Saturday to tell the tale."

It was Sunday afternoon. The clock in the church tower struck four. The SCHOLASTICS were out. Dutchy secured one and breathlessly rushed into his room. The door slammed behind him. Louis was sitting on the couch, but immediately sprang to his feet.

"Gotta SCHOLASTIC? Gee, let's see it."

"Betcha, right here." Dutchy was recklessly and hurriedly turning its pages.

"Here 'tis, 'A Cowboy's Fortune,' that's it," exclaimed Dutchy excitedly as he threw the SCHOLASTIC upon the desk and brought his hands clumsily and heavily down upon the page. "I've won. Ba gunners—"

But Dutchy's exultant joy soon turned into humiliating disappointment. A current of dumb and awestricken wonderment flushed into his face. He slowly sank into his chair as the one corner of his mouth turned up into a sickly grin. He questioned Louis with his eyes but received no answer. He was too humiliated and astonished for words. His eyes had fallen upon the author's name which was—"Louis Hilgarty."

Forsaken.

My love that once so dear to me did stand,
Now is no more to guide me in this land;

Alone beside the rocky cliffs I dwell,

And seek my joys along the pebbly strand. T. J. H.

Where Fate Leads.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

"Hurry this telegram to the Niles Sawdust Co. It's very important," Bill Brady said in a quick business-like manner to the telegraph operator.

"All right, Bill. I'll do that little thing for you," returned Bradley, the night operator.

"And wait, here is a rush message, just off the wires, for you."

A broad smile lit up Bill's features, as he read the news, and in his excitement he said half audibly.

"Listen to this. 'Will be in South Bend over night. Want you to join me in a good time. Meet me in the Oliver Hotel at eight o'clock. Send word if this is not convenient and tell me what time will be. The man who loves you best,"

JACK LANE."

"Dear old Jack," thought Bill, "won't I be glad to see you, though. We haven't met in the last five years. But I can't see you before nine; I must write and let him know it."

He snatched a telegram blank from the desk and hurriedly wrote.

"Can't meet you at eight. Have some business outside of the city limits tonight at that time. Will meet you in the hotel lobby at nine. Your old chum,

BILL."

"Now for a plan to keep me away from Mrs. Brady to-night," reflected Bill. "I can't telephone to her because she will ask too many questions. I have it."

He then wrote this brief note to her:

"Sorry that you will have to dine alone this evening. Will spend the night transacting some business in Chicago, and return in the morning. Good luck to you in my absence.

Yours forever, BILL."

The office clock was now striking five when Bill nervously dropped one of the telegrams into his pocket. He sealed the other two notes in separate envelopes and had a messenger-boy deliver them. Buttoning his coat collar tighter about his neck, for it was raining outside, he proceeded on his business venture outside of the city limits.

"Another deal successfully closed," Bill chuckled, as he waited for the trolley car that would convey him to the Oliver.

Suddenly, from the darkness, a stranger emerged at his elbow, and begged piteously:

"Friend, won't you please give a poor, tired outcast a helping hand? I have walked thirty miles since morning and haven't tasted a bite since then. You look like a prosperous—"

"Get out of my way, you bum," Bill shouted or I'll give you a helping foot that will land you in the middle of the car tracks."

The 'knight of the road' became infuriated at this and staggered Brady by a blow in the face.

After Bill recovered from this surprise, he rushed the tramp and engaged him in a fierce battle of fists. The bum was knocked down five times in as many minutes. Bill had him going up and down like an elevator. A motor 'cop' appeared on the scene and both combatants were taken into custody.

About the same time Jack Lane was sprawled out upon a couch in the Oliver Grill Room dead drunk. When the hotel detective awoke Jack to arrest him, he hiccupped?

"Sorry that you will have to dine alone this evening. Good luck to you in my absence.

Yours, forever, BILL."

"That's all right, old pal," said the plain-clothes man with a smile, "now you have time to take a short ride with me."

When the little red police wagon clanged in front of the hotel, Jack Lane was hurriedly ushered into it to keep company for a screaming woman, who had been picked up at the side entrance of the Oliver for disorderly conduct. As Jack entered she shrieked:

"Let me out of here. I want to find Jack Lane. I'll tear him to pieces if I ever set eyes on him."

At this the drunk staggered over to her and stuttered:

"Whash at? Jack—"

"Sit down you boob," commanded the fat policeman, who was guarding the prisoners, shoving Lane into a corner of the wagon.

"But shay, Fren, she shaid—" began the 'souse' from his corner.

"Shut up over there," ordered the 'cop.' "Tell your story to the judge in the morning."

That night Bill Brady slept on the iron bench in his little cell and dreamt of the good time his friend was having. In the next room Jack Lane was having a vision of Bill, hurrying down bustling State St., in Chicago, to transact some business. Mrs. Brady, was hysterically

yelling in the woman's ward for Jack Lane; in order that she might pull his hair out if he had any, and scratch his eyes from their sockets. In her calmer moments she would say to herself, "I'm glad that Bill doesn't know of this. He would never get over the disgrace."

When court was called in the morning, the three prisoners were brought before the judge. The drunk and Mrs. Brady were the first to enter the court-room. Bill Brady was brought in just as his two fellow-prisoners were leaving the witness stand. He looked up and saw his wife and friend before him.

"My heavens," he thought, "how did they know I was pinched?"

His surprise at this scene so unnerved him that he simply dropped into a nearby chair, and stared at the couple.

"O dear me, there's Bill," wailed Mrs. Brady, as she saw her husband, "what put it into his head to come to the court-room this morning? His business will be ruined on account of my arrest."

Then she ran down to her husband, and fell upon her knees in front of him and wailed.

"Oh, Bill, please forgive me for disgracing you like this. Really it wasn't my fault. This is what caused my downfall, dear Bill," she sobbed as she thrust a telegram into his hand.

Bill was so dumfounded at this turn of affairs that he did not read the message for a minute.

Great Scott," he shouted when he had read the note, "this is the telegram that I received from Jack last evening. Where did you get it? What has it to do with your being here?"

"You see," explained his wife sobbing, "a messenger boy brought it to me last evening about six o'clock. When you didn't come home, I started out intending to punish the man who dared to send such a message to me. Because I stood in front of the Oliver and shook my umbrella in the face of the crowd which was gathered there, and defied Jack Lane to step forward, the policeman arrested me for disorderly conduct."

"Will Mr. Brady take the stand and answer to the charge of assault and battery?" the judge broke in upon the pair.

"What, Bill! Have you been arrested too?" his wife cried out in wide-eyed amazement.

"Yes dear, wait until we get home and I

will explain all to you," he soothingly replied.

"Mr. Lane has been found guilty of intoxication, your Honor," Bill heard the foreman of the jury announce to the judge.

"Twenty and cost," was the judge's sentence.

"Just a minute, Jack," intervened Bill, as the former was about to pay his fine. "This is my treat," and he handed the judge twenty-five dollars.

Then he addressed the judge.

"Your Honor, yesterday I received a telegram from my friend here, Jack Lane, inviting me to spend the night with him. Then I wrote two telegrams myself; one for my wife and one for Jack. In my excitement, I tossed the message I had written to Jack into my pocket, thinking it was the one that he had sent to me. Then I must have crossed notes, and sent my wife's to Jack and Jack's to my wife. Jack was disappointed because he couldn't have a good time with me last night and drowned "the blues" in the Oliver's best champagne. My wife resented the idea of another man writing to her, and proceeded to find him to trounce him for it, with this result. What, your Honor, is your sentence on my wife and myself?—You have already fined Jack."

The judge had a hearty laugh at Bill's expense, and dismissed the young couple "Scott free." The three disturbers of the peace went directly to the Philadelphia and began a belated celebration.

A Summer Day in the Hospital.

JAMES H. MCDONALD.

The heat had not ceased all day; and the little corner room in St. Margaret's Hospital was close quarters for a sixteen year old boy, one summer afternoon. All day Harry Cannon sat near his open window, reading at intervals, but only for short periods, when he would rouse himself from his mid-afternoon dreams. For the most of the time, Harry sat, peering out through the window, looking and gazing now at this object, now at that until every tree within the range of his sight became familiar to him, and every building which he could see became as an old friend. But he no longer continued to look at the objects about him. They wearied him now, and only made the weight of his exile bear more forcibly upon him.

For five long weeks, in the spring, he had

been confined to his bed with wasting and weakening attacks of pneumonia, and only now, in the last days of June was he able to sit up and read. His mother was dead, and his sister came often to see him. Harry enjoyed her presence, but it seemed that she always must bring her two high-school companions when she paid him a visit, and there was no conversation except the gossip of the baseball tournament which was now going on—about parties and calls and a thousand minute profudities of a sister's life. All these wearied Harry.

On this day his sister and her chums of the High School had come for a short visit in the morning. He was alone now and his thoughts wandered back to his classmates and friends at Emad Erton University, which he was forced to leave when his malady had come on. Harry sat at the window, as usual, for several hours; he had watched the people in the street below hurrying hither and thither, until his eye had become weary with his vigil. The sound of the sledge on the iron girders of the new guage on the street opposite, the whirr of the motor as a street car stopped and started at the corner, and now and then the bellowing cries of a vegetable vender,—all these plus an occasional disturbance caused by a young dare devil on an angry motorcycle, had long ceased to furnish any interest for him, and his mind went back to his friends at college and his pal—Bob Corbin.

The afternoon dwindled into evening and for three hours Harry slept in his chair. The noise in the street had ceased an hour ago, except for the occasional rumbling of a ponderous wagon. He was suddenly aroused from his dreams by the nurse who had come with his supper. She placed the tray on the table and gave Harry a letter which had come for him. He opened it immediately,—it was from Bob Corbin, his old friend. Bob told him of the events which had taken place at the end of the term, his plans for the summer, and his desire for his friend's company. He was going camping, he wrote, for six weeks; and asked when Harry would be out of the Hospital, adding, also, that he intended to postpone the camping party for a week or two until Harry could join him. When the blazing arc-lamps lighted up the square, Harry was looking into the night, but he saw nothing; for his thoughts were of the coming trip and he thought he felt his old vigor returning.

In South Dakota.

The rainbow's arch shines brightest
In Dakota.

The moonbeam's steps fall lightest
In Dakota.

The summer sun shines boldest,
The blizzard's breath is coldest,
And pioneers are oldest,
In Dakota.

The home is always dearest
In Dakota.

Kind friends are ever nearest,
In Dakota.

Mothers' hearts are truest,
Their slight complaints are fewest,
And sunny skies are bluest,
In Dakota.

Farmer girls are fairest,
In Dakota.

Tattered tramps are rarest,
In Dakota.

Cowboys are the slickest;
They use their pistols quickest
Where'er the fight is thickest,
In Dakota.

"Cotton Tails" are fleetest,
In Dakota.

Meadow larks sing sweetest,
In Dakota.

The pacers run the smoothest,
Their drivers are the shrewdest,
For we never have what's rudest
In Dakota.

The blossomed flax waves bluest
In Dakota.

The methods are ever newest,
In Dakota.

Sunflowers grow the highest,
Flying ants are ever highest
And foxes are the slyest
In Dakota.

The harvest fields are grandest,
In Dakota.

The farmers are the blandest
In Dakota.

Indians are the keenest
Bucking "brons" are meanest
And thrashers thrash the cleanest
In Dakota.

J. T.

Just Hats.

DONALD MACGREGOR.

The subject under discussion is "hats." By way of introduction it might be well to see how near we can come to giving a definition of this seemingly unostentatious, though very important piece of personal fixture without which we could not veritably proclaim ourselves to be "dolled-up."

The word itself is of a very old origin dating back to the ancient Greeks. It comes from the Greek word, Πιλιδιον, "pilidion," which means a covering for the head. How did it come to be called a hat? Oh, don't mind a little thing like that when you're talking about "lids." Haven't they been changing every year for the last twenty centuries or more! That's just a small portion of the ravages of time. Of late years there seems to be a tendency to come closer to the original name. This is done by taking the root of the word, which is found by dropping the case-ending "ion"—This probably referred to the feather which, for some unknown and inexcusable reason, has been dropped by the male line of hats for the last century or two,—probably the manufacturers found it more profitable,—but which seems to be coming back to its old place. The next time you are out with your sporting friend just take a sly squint at his hat-band and you will see there the sprouts of what will, some day in the near future, put all your sister's feather-raising efforts to naught. The rest is easy; you simply put the "pi" on the inside, and the "lid" on the outside.

There are various kinds of hats. Some are round, some oval, some are soft and flexible and lend themselves readily to any shape of head. Hard ones are either flat or round on top to fit the requirements of the wearer. Then, there's the cap or "hatlet" which is a small, soft covering, or, as some would say, a pocket edition. It is distinguished from the other kinds by a short projection in front called a peak. This peak is used for pulling down over the eyes when the wearer has done something that he is ashamed of. It was put there, probably, because it is worn only by boys and others who are apt to do foolish things. Last, but not least, comes the straw hat. This covering is worn only during the summer season,

and fortunately, this season is short. There are two classes of men who wear it; the sport and the farmer, the dividing line being in the price. Invariably the farmer gets more straw for his money.

At first glance you will find all sorts of hats worn by men of all classes, but on close observation you will notice that men of high rank wear stiff hats, while a criminal generally dons a slouch one, unless he is wise, then he will disguise himself.

This piece of ornamentation is so confined to mankind alone, that this particular being, or beast; as the case may be—yes, dear reader, "particular" is the proper word here, for you will be compelled to travel far to find another of God's creatures half so particular—might well be defined as "A creature that wears a hat or cap on its extreme upper end." This covering does not have to set squarely on top; it may set well back, or to the front, or it may hang on either ear. Methinks this definition lines up with our fair creature better than the old philosophical one, "that a man is a rational being," for you will more frequently find a man without his ration than without his hat.

Commencement Day in the Infirmary.

M. P. MEEHAN.

The shades were drawn in room twenty of the infirmary. The room was dark and not very cool as "Cupid" McNellis lay in a critical condition, the result of a fever he had caught while swimming in the lake. One window was raised the least bit, and "Cupid" could hear the shouting of the boys. He was disheartened to think that he would be compelled to stay in bed a week longer.

"As "Cupid" lay there he pictured the boys watching the Alumni game out on Davis Field. He could hear the shouting, and he imagined each player in his respective position. He heard the ringing of the supper bell in the hall announcing supper. Then Sister gave "Cupid" his luncheon, and after what seemed only a short nap to him he was awakened by the shouts of "good-bye" and "so-long," and it reminded him that it was already Friday morning and that the "preps" were leaving for home. He pictured the minims jumping and crowding to get on the train.

"Cupid" now thought of the morrow which was Commencement Day. He saw the bright sun and heard the birds singing and watched the visitors walking about the campus looking at flowers. He could see Washburne Hall decorated with the class flags. The first rows of seats contained the élite, while the remaining seats were occupied by students. He pictured the President giving out the diplomas, and he also imagined he heard the orations of the prominent speakers. He remembered how he and the "bunch" had gathered in the balcony of the Hall last year, and had clapped and cheered for Claude Norris, when he received his diploma. He recalled how Claude had trembled and looked frightened and yet strangely happy when the Bishop gave him his diploma. He thought how the "bunch" were awaiting their

chance to applaud him when he would get his degree on the morrow, but now it was not to be.

Then his mind went over the dance to be given Saturday evening by the Seniors. He knew that Margaret was coming from home to attend this affair. He knew that he could not take her, and he wondered if she would enjoy it as much with "Olie" Murray, who had promised to dance his program. He could see the fellows and girls moving about Place Hall.

While he was still dreaming of the good time he was missing, the Sister opened the door of his room; she had a telegram for him which at his request she opened and read. It was from Margaret Mix, saying that she would not come as she would rather wait until he was better.

Prep Verse.

RAIN IN THE FOREST.

All grows dark, skies are overcast,
Blown by the wind the clouds scud past,
A moaning shakes the dark green trees,
The rain comes down borne on the breeze.

Now all things take a grayish hue,
The earth once green, the sky once blue;
Campfires splutter and spit in vain,
And down, unceasing, comes the rain.

G. D. H.

THE INEVITABLE.

Woe be unto the liar,
He'll never go up any higher,
As sure as you're fed,
As soon as he's dead
They'll fix him a place at the fire.

D. Mc. G.

HOW HE MOVED.

There was a "poor simp" from Lake Fife,
Who always ate pie with a knife;
The blade slipped one day
And sent him away
To live in the bitterest life.

T. J. H.

NEVER AGAIN.

I took a ride down town today,
'Twas on a Hill Street car,
And my regard for the motorman
Increased with every jar,
For on a sign board printed

Above the window top.

Was a list of the things that you would need,
When the car came to a stop

"Omega Oil for pain and bruise,"

"Uneda Biscuits" too.

And a case of South Bend bottled beer.

You certainly could use.

It started with a safety pin

And so on down the line,

Till Jones the undertaker came

With service swift and fine.

L. C.

RAIN.

Some like the sun, some like the wind,
But, as for me I am resigned;
Give me the rain that makes streets muddy,
For that's the thing that makes you study.

Yes, take your breezes and your sun,
My choice is this since I've begun;
I pray for weather cold and rainy,
It keeps you in, and makes you brainy.

D. MAC.

What care I for rain or snow?

I laugh with fiendish glee.

On me the "lid" is clamped down tight

And sealed, hermetically.

The rain may come and drench the streets,

And drive the chickens home to roost

And what care I, why should I care,

If old Ulyesses' bag is loosed.

L. C.

The Panic.

FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

In a back room of a top floor tenement a pale-faced woman lay on a ragged bed with a new-born babe at her side. Her fevered eyes gazed up at a dingy gilded figure on the soiled paper of the ceiling.

It was one of a myriad of sun-spot designs and for months she had been trying to make the complex thing take some definite shape in her dizzy mind.

The day wore on with all the silence of the deserted building unbroken, and the first dim shadows of approaching night crept softly through the only window, and sought refuge in the obscure corners of the room.

It was then that she heard footsteps. They were ascending the last steep flight, far to the front. Turning upon her pillow, she stared toward the door.

A hollow echo preceded the slow tread down the long dark hall and then, a sad-faced man entered with a few packages and a bottle of milk.

Ten minutes later a humble meal was placed on the bed beside her.

She raised herself on an elbow, and after eating a few bites, relapsed back upon the pillow and said:

"Have you seen them, John?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And what have they said?"

"The same story they've been telling me for months, that the Panics' over; that the 'Cannon Ball' is to go out to-night and that I'm to be at the throttle on my old run."

There was no change in the despondent expression of her face, for they had waited, and hoped, and starved, until hope seemed foolish.

Somewhere off in the mass of buildings a distant clock struck eight, and rising from beside the open window the man placed the milk and a white dish of food scraps on a backless chair, and set them beside the bed.

Groping down through the darkness he found her outstretched hand and pressing it in his own he said.

"I'm going,—Annie;—if it should be true, you know the time, and,—the signal."

Then gently placing her arm back upon the bed, he left.

The hours dragged by with all the length of loneliness, and save for the occasional scampering of a rat down the long dark hall, a deathlike silence reigned in the empty building.

A pair of tired but sleepless eyes gazed off into the darkness and weary ears strained the profound stillness of the sultry night for the sound of footsteps that did not return.

Off o'er the city the distant clock slowly tolled twelve. Then, as one in a dream, the woman thought she heard a sound,—a faint distant rumble.

Breathless, she raised herself upon an elbow and between the great throbs of her anxious heart, she heard it again!

"Yes!" that was it! it was the low distant rumble of an approaching train, and, the hour was, midnight!"

The seconds seemed years as it drew nearer, and her heart grew sick within her as the great hissing machine shot from a mass of buildings that had muffled the sound.

She heard the thunder and the roar, she heard the sharp clatter of the bridge irons as the giant monster plunged with terrific speed out over the great structure that spanned the black river at her very window.

All tense and trembling she leaned forward! Then there were four long shrieks of the whistle, each for a word in his old love message, "Annie, I love you." Her quivering lips parted, and with a muttered, "Thank God" she fell back upon the pillow to sleep, and to dream of the old days that had returned.

The Call of the Wild.

I felt the urge of the Wanderlust,
The call of the wild, the feel of the dust,
The unknown stretching to the far-away,
The cool wind stirring at break o'day.

I saw the swell of the ocean strong
I heard the storm as it whistled along
I felt the sting of the flying spray
I knew that the elements were at play.

'Neath the shining stars of Nature's Dome.
I find true peace tho' still I roam,
I've wandered far tho' not alone,
I've heard the sound of God's sweet tone.

He speaks from little rocks and rills
His voice reechoes from the hills
His hand hath ever guided me
Far o'er the land o'er the sea.

GEORGE D. HALLER.

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Editor.

W. D. Case '17

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—It has been the custom at Notre Dame for some time past to turn over the last few issues of the SCHOLASTIC to the management of the various classes. This has been done chiefly for the encouragement of the lower class men who are urged on to greater effort by seeing their work in print, and also to give a sample of the work done by these students. In accordance with this custom the present issue has been wholly prepared by the Preparatory students, and it is their hope in presenting this number that their work will be well received.

First Communion and Confirmation.

The feast of the Ascension of Our Lord is one of the big days at Notre Dame, for on that day is witnessed the solemn and impressive ceremonies of First Communion and Confirmation which make the most hardened and worldly pause and reflect. It is almost impossible for one to see these children, whose pure souls are glistening in their bright eyes, approaching Communion for the first time, without recalling ones' own first communion and reflecting how far one has changed and wandered from the path of innocence since that day.

At 7:45 Thursday the procession composed of the entire student body and the clergy, formed in the Main Building and marched solemnly through the grounds to the Church while the band played hymns appropriate for the occasion. Solemn High Mass was then celebrated by Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

with Fathers Walsh, C. S. C. and Schumacher, C. S. C. as deacon and subdeacon, and an eloquent sermon was delivered by Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, Ohio. During the mass a large number received Holy Communion, and immediately after mass were confirmed by Bishop Schrembs. It was a ceremony that will linger long, not only in the minds and hearts of the participants, but in all who were present and witnessed the little ones receiving their God for the first time.

Washington Alumni Banquet Team.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Notre Dame alumni featured the visit of the Varsity baseball team to Washington during its Eastern trip. On Tuesday evening, May 12, after the Georgetown game, the players were hurried across the city in automobiles to Holy Cross College, where they were received by the faculty and students and a jubilant group of old Notre Dame men. After a brief exchange of greetings, the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and the meeting thenceforward was conducted in truly practical Notre Dame style. The Gold and Blue bunting, pennants and blankets, with a sprinkling of other college banners, added fuel to the flame of enthusiasm and loyalty, and soon the room resounded with song and speech that told of Alma Mater's glory and echoed back to the days of Brother Benoit and his world-famous Juanites.

The Alumni were honored in having with them two United States Senators, Honorable Benjamin F. Shively, the home Senator from South Bend, and a life-long friend of the University, who first caught the Notre Dame spirit when as a boy he used to hear the deep tones of the great bell, carrying an Easter message across the rolling hills to his country home; and Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, of Louisiana who has long been an admirer of Notre Dame, and is looking forward to a closer acquaintance in June, when he will visit the University to deliver the Commencement oration. Both had warm words of praise for Notre Dame, and congratulated the players on their successes, and on their splendid spirit of sportsmanship, whether in victory or in defeat. Other speakers introduced by the toastmaster, Rev. E. P. Burke, C. S. C., were: Mgr. William T. Russell, Rev. Dr. Kirby, Dr. J. A. Flynn, Francis J. Wenninger, and Coach Jesse C. Harper.

Varsity Men Meet President Wilson.

Honorable Henry A. Barnhart, Congressman from the Thirteenth District of Indiana, was the host of the Notre Dame baseball team on the return to Washington after the trip north to West Point and Princeton. A Democratic caucus had prevented Mr. Barnhart from attending the banquet at Holy Cross College, but he very kindly offered to entertain the team at another time, and his kindness added a note of distinction to the trip on the return to Washington. In spite of the heavy press of Friday business at the White House, Mr. Barnhart was able to secure an interview with President Wilson for the men from Notre Dame, and the Cabinet waited while the President commented on the score of the Notre Dame-Princeton game of the day before. After the trip through the White House, the visitors were taken to the Capitol, where they were presented to Speaker Clark and several distinguished members of the present Congress. From the gallery they witnessed the opening of the House of Representatives, and they remained long enough to get a good idea of how the nation's business is conducted. They then made a short visit to the Supreme Court and the Senate. Mr. Barnhart not only gave them his own time, but was kind enough to have two of his secretaries, Mr. Wolfe of South Bend and Mr. Martindale, of Plymouth, Indiana, accompany the team to call attention to points of interest.

Book Notices.

"THE SHIELD OF SILENCE.—By M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

In the "Shield of Silence," the author has given us a fine example of the intricate plot, worked out so cleverly that the many complex situations with their multitude of characters form the basis of a most interesting story.

The description of the quiet, harmonious life of the Spanish peasantry is faithfully portrayed. But probably the best description is that of Barcelona on that hot July day when the so-called Progressionists inaugurated a veritable Reign of Terror, driving out the priests and nuns, and crying, "Down with Religion."

The character of Veronica Cleveland who

was more sinned against than sinning and whose life was a constant round of suffering, is a very noble one. In Father Marion we have the priest to whom those in trouble come for aid and who is a fine example of the Catholic clergy, whose silence is the shield of death-bed confidence.

Father Mendoza is the typical example of the good old Spanish *Padre*, whose only thought is for his people, who rejoices with them, and consoles them in sorrow. His pathetic death at the hands of the mob is one of the most touching scenes of the story.

In Humberto and Pablo Gregorio we have the Catholic men who often embracing the doctrines of Ferrer, stop at no crimes, even the killing of their dearest friend, to accomplish their end. And in the death of Lucio Ward, we see the great evil of these secret societies who carry their enmities over to this country and endeavor to terrorize the American people into a belief that their society is all powerful.

If possible every one should read the "Shield of Silence," if not for the excellent lessons it teaches, at least for the excellently written story. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.35.

"THE SECRET CITADEL."—By I. C. Clarke.

This is a story of the devotion of a daughter and sister to an evil father and a wayward brother, whom the father has led into devious paths. The plot is intricate and the interest is sustained throughout. The character sketches, which are life-like, make the novel satisfying to readers of good taste. There are fewer descriptive passages in this book than in the author's previous novels, which is a feature that will commend itself to the average novel reader. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.35.

"IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE."—By Mary E. Mannix.

This is a collection of stories suitable for a boy or girl who has just learned to read. Some of the stories are continued through several chapters. The author has done good work before in writing for young folk, but whether she is up to the level of her best efforts in this production, we shall let the young people decide for themselves. Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.45 cts.

Commencement Week.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

8:00 p. m.—Preparatory Commencement—Conferring of Certificates and Diplomas in Commercial Course. Oratorical numbers by winners of the Preparatory contests. Address by William D. Hickey of Dayton, Ohio.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13.

8:00 p. m.—Address by ex-Congressman James E. Watson of Rushville, Indiana.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14.

8:00 a. m.—Solemn High Mass, sung by the Rt. Rev. Jeremiah Harty, D. D. Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Francis H. Gavisk of St. John's Church, Indianapolis, Indiana.

3:00 p. m.—Alumni Reunion in Brownson Study Hall.

7:00 p. m.—Alumni Banquet in East Dining Room.

MONDAY, JUNE 15.

8:00 a. m.—Solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased Alumni.

9:00 a. m.—Bachelors' Orations in Washington Hall. General theme: "The New Renaissance," from the motto of Pope Pius X "To restore all things in Christ."

Particular topics—1. "The Man"—by Charles Emile Dorais, L. L. B. '14. 2. "The Home," by Martin Emmett Walter, Ph. B. '14. 3. "The Nation," by William Michael Galvin, Ph. B. '14.

3:00 p. m.—Varsity-Alumni baseball game in Cartier Field.

4:30 p. m.—Organ Recital at University Chapel by Father William J. Finn, Director of the Paulist Choristers, Chicago, also song recital by sextette of Paulist Choristers.

8:00 p. m.—Formal Commencement Address by the Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, United States Senator from Louisiana. Subject "Evils of Divorce."

Traditional "Home Sweet Home" by Quartet. Reading of Class Poem by Mr. Maurice J. Norckauer, A. B. '14. Valedictory by Mr. Joseph M. Walsh, E. E. '14. Conferring of Doctor's, Master's and Bachelor's degrees with prizes, medals, etc.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16 and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17. Examinations.

Calendar.

Sunday, May 24—Sixth Sunday after Easter.

Walsh vs. Brownson, baseball.

Competitive drill, 9:30 A. M.

Tuesday, May 25—Knights of Columbus meeting, 7:45 P. M.

'Varsity vs. Lake Forest College in baseball.

Wednesday, May 26—Competitive drill for Minimis, 4:00 P. M.

May devotions, 7:30 P. M.

Meeting of Civil Engineering Society 8:00 P. M.

Thursday, May 27—Sorin vs. Walsh, morning.

St. Joseph vs. Corby, afternoon.

Friday, May 28—Wabash vs. Notre Dame in baseball.

Saturday, May 30—Decoration Day Exercises.

Address of the day by Gov. Ralston of Ind.

Personals.

—Ernest Baader, an old student, is doing architectural engineering work in Huntington, W. Va.

—Louis L. Robert of the Clinton High School faculty, Clinton, Indiana, was a visitor at the University last week.

—Fred Steers was here last Saturday as starter in the I. A. C. meet. Students of '09-'10 will well remember Steer's work on the track.

—Thomas J. K. Donnelly, (C. E. '04) was a visitor here last week. He is now an engineer on the Michigan Central and is stationed at Niles.

—"Shorty" De Fries '13, was also here with the I. A. C. men. He is now studying law at the University of Chicago, and in his leisure moments writing clever things for the 'Line-o'-type-or-two.'

—R. W. Newton (C. E.) writes from Michigan University that he is following the Notre Dame team with great interest, and will be sitting in the front row bleachers when Notre Dame plays Michigan.

—At West Point and Princeton, a certain leathern lunged individual was disturbing the atmosphere rooting for Notre Dame. It turned out to be Joe Burn (LL. B. '13), our old cheer leader, whose voice is as vigorous as ever.

—Among the "old boys" met by the team on their recent Eastern trip was "Skeet" Walsh (Chem. '11), who is working near Princeton University; and John Daly now a senior at Princeton. They send their regards to the fellows here.

—Mr. Peter Reilly, a former student of Notre Dame and a nephew of the late Fr. Cooney, C. S. C. died on April 20th. He was captain of the West baseball team in 1872, and will be remembered by many of the old students of Notre Dame.

—Professor Maurus has just received a letter from the Keys boys (E. E. '13) now down south. Arthur Keys is in Quanah, Tex., where he is installing two 225 H. P. Diesel Crude Oil engines for the local electrical plant. His brother, Albert, is in Artesia, New Mexico, installing a 450 H. P. Diesel and supervising the construction of twenty-five miles of track.

—Mr. E. A. Delaney (C. E. '99), writes from Windber, Pa.:

....."I should not close this note without appreciative comment upon N. D'S successful invasion of the East last week. The great performance of last Fall's football team and the repetition of that success in baseball this spring have called forth much commendatory reference."

Obituary.

THE REV. CHARLES J. McELROY.

Mr. Henry McElroy of Brownson was called home last Wednesday by news of the death of his uncle, the Reverend Charles J. McElroy of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Father McElroy was a devoted friend of the University and of the *Ave Maria*. Another nephew, Leo McElroy (A. B. '10) is an alumnus of the University.

Father McElroy was not only a priest of blameless life, but also a man of large achievement, and his memory is venerated by a multitude of friends and spiritual children. God rest his soul!

BROTHER EMMANUEL, C. S. C.

We regret to be obliged to record the death of Brother Emmanuel, C. S. C., who passed away peacefully at Notre Dame, May 13, 1914 after a short illness. His health has not been rugged for several years, but he was able to take up light duties and he moved about freely until a few days before the end.

Brother Emmanuel is known to generations of old students whose lives he touched chiefly as the Rector of what is now called Brownson hall, then known as the Senior department. It was a post requiring great tact as well as devotedness and courage, and these qualities were conspicuously evident in his administration of it. Proofs have not been wanting during recent years of the deep affection the old students bore him and of the high honor in which the memory of the old days was held.

Many fervent prayers will be uttered for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

MISS GERTRUDE McDERMOTT.

Mr. James McDermott of Brownson Hall has the sympathy of all the University in the death of his sister, Miss Gertrude, who passed away at their home in Cullom, Illinois, during the

past week. Appropriate resolutions of condolence were passed by the classmates of James and many prayers have been offered. *R. I. P.*

MR. EDWARD J. KELLEY.

A telegram from John Powers dated Los Angeles, California, announced the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward J. Kelley, a student of the University in the early nineties. Mr. Kelley is very well remembered by students of his period, all of whom will lament his early death and remember him prayerfully before the altar. *R. I. P.*

MR. HOGAN.

Mr. James Hogan of Walsh Hall has the profound sympathy of all at Notre Dame in the death of his father who passed away on May 11. The deceased was a prominent and respected member of the community in which he lived and his memory was duly honored by an impressive funeral. *May he rest in peace!*

Local News.

—All at Notre Dame were grieved by the sudden and serious illness of Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C. who was grievously stricken last Saturday morning. For some time the issue of the attack was doubtful, but we are happy to say that this much-beloved Brother is now on the assured road to recovery.

—A wireless system has been recently installed in Carroll Hall and the energetic operator, Mr. Joe Carey of Kansas City, is receiving messages daily from all parts of the country.

—The visiting debating teams from St. Viator's and from Wabash college were banqueted at the Oliver Hotel following the debates. The boys were ably chaperoned by Father Foik.

—The park in front of St. Edward's Hall is once more abloom with flowers. The little fellows rose early one morning and had their park aglow with color by dawn. This is undoubtedly one of the prettiest spots in the University.

—If you desire a medal, shine up your gun, straighten up your shoulders and get into the competitive drill which takes place next Sunday at 9:30 o'clock. There is a prize for the best drilled company and for the best three individual drillers. The first will receive a gold, the second a silver and the third a bronze medal.

—The Carroll Hall Military Company will leave Notre Dame on the 28th of this month for a week's encampment at Lake Lawton, Michigan.

—Last Tuesday, at 7:45 the Knights of Columbus held their regular meeting in Walsh Hall. The number in attendance was the largest this year and the discussion of business matters so spirited that part of the program had to be left over on account of the late hour. A light luncheon was served after the meeting.

—A Nocturnal Swimming Club was organized in Corby Hall by Arthur Bergman. The first swim was taken in St. Joseph Lake at 9:30 Sunday night, May 10. The membership is small. Those initiated into the club were: Harry Murray, Thomas Hern, Rigney Sackley and Vincent Mooney.

—Why is it that the wagon-loads of material for the improvement of the tennis courts still lie in the piles alongside the courts? The only possible solution is that it thereby gives the tennis players a good excuse to go to the South Bend parks for a game. We expect to see the courts in good condition by June 18.

—"What's Next?" This time it's the Junior Prom which comes around about once a year as a fitting climax to the four Notre Dame dances. The Prom, which will be an informal affair, will be given in Place Hall, South Bend, on Wednesday evening, June third. Two-steps and waltzes will be more in evidence than the fancier steps, so ignorance of the "newer dances" need not keep one away. Robert Roach, president of the Junior Class, has appointed the following Prom committee: Mark Duncan, chairman; Albert Kuhle, James Sanford, Joe Stack, Clovis Smith, Keith Jones, Norman Bartholomew, Edward Gushurst, Joseph Pliska and Stephen Burns.

Athletic Board Announce Ruling.

Because many students were not informed of the ruling which bars delinquent athletes from playing, the Athletic Board at its last meeting decided to cancel the inter-hall game between Sorin and Brownson, May 3d., and that the game may be staged again if both teams are willing. In the future, any student who is on the delinquent list, in two subjects or more, will not be allowed to take part in any interhall athletics.

Notre Dame Beats St. Viators.

The Gold and Blue squad defeated St. Viators in a loosely played game, Wednesday afternoon by a score of 6 to 4. Kelly and Patterson both pitched winning ball, but the frequent errors on both teams account for the many scores. Notre Dame was the first to tally and it was a one-sided contest from the fifth inning. St. Viators, however, managed to make two tallies in the ninth inning but were not dangerous as Kelly retired the side with ease.

Harry Newning drove the ball almost to the left-field fence for a home run in the fifth inning. Mills and Lawler were the star actors with the bat, both poling two hits. Kelly struck out thirteen batters and throughout the game worked with ease.

Notre Dame	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Pliska cf.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Duggan cf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Farrell, 1b.....	3	1	0	7	p	p
Mills, 2b.....	4	1	2	2	1	3
H. Newning, 3b.....	4	3	1	0	2	1
Bergmann, lf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Meyers, ss.....	3	0	1	1	2	1
Kenny, c.....	3	0	1	0	1	1
Kelly, p.....	3	0	1	0	1	1

Totals 31 6 5 27 6 6

St. Viator's	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Kerns, ss.....	5	2	1	4	0	3
Martell, cf.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
Butler, c.....	5	0	1	4	1	0
Lawler, 2b.....	5	0	2	2	3	1
Pemberton, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Kiley, 3b.....	2	0	0	4	2	2
Roberts, 1b.....	4	0	0	7	0	1
Hackett, rf.....	4	0	0	1	1	1
Gartland, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Leonard*.....	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 37 4 5 24 8 8

Notre Dame.....	0	1	0	1	4	0	0	0	*—6
St. Viator.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2—4

*Batted for Pemberton in the ninth.

Three base hit—Butler. Home run—H. Newning. Stolen bases—Pemberton, Farrell. Sacrifice hit—Bergman. Double play—Kiley, unassisted. Struck out—by Kelly, 13; by Pemberton, 3. Base on balls—Off Kelly, 4; off Pemberton, 1. Passed balls—Butler. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 11; St. Viator's 3. Umpire—Anderson, of South Bend, Ind. Time of game—1:37.

Notre Dame Downs Navy.

Notre Dame won the final game of the trip from the Navy by a 4 to 2 score. The Gold and Blue squad played great ball. The mid-shipmen used two pitchers but were unable to stop the slugging of Notre Dame. The batting of Newning was one of the features of the game. He poled two home runs.

Sheehan pitched a fine game and he was well supported by his teammates. He allowed four hits.

Notre Dame.....	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Lathrop, lf.....	5	0	0	4	0	0
Duggan, cf.....	5	0	0	4	p	p
Farrell, 1b.....	4	0	0	13	0	0
Mills, 2b.....	4	0	2	0	1	0
Newning, 3b.....	4	2	2	1	3	1
Bergman, rf.....	2	1	1	1	0	0
Meyers, ss.....	4	1	1	0	4	0
Kenney, c.....	4	0	0	4	0	0
Sheehan, p.....	4	0	1	0	2	1
Totals	36	4	3	27	10	2

Navy	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Fisher, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Adams, ss.....	4	0	0	1	2	1
H. Fisher, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hicks, c.....	4	0	1	6	3	1
Connolly, 1b.....	3	0	0	16	0	0
Calhoun, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	4	0
Rodgers, rf.....	3	1	1	1	0	1
Glover, lf.....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Blodgett, p.....	0	0	0	0	1	0
Vinson, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
*Beall	2	0	1	0	3	0

Total 31 2 4 27 14 3

*Batted for Blogett in third inning.

Notre Dame.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	—4
Naval Academy.....	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	—2

Home runs—Newning, 2. Three base hits—Bodgers. Two-base hit—Meyers. Sacrifice hit—Vinson. Stolen bases—Bergman, 2; Mills. Base on balls—Off Blodgett, 2; off Vinson, 1. Struck out—By Sheehan, 4; by Blodgett, 1; by Vinson, 3. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 7; Naval Academy, 3. Wild pitch—Vinson. Passed ball—Hicks. Umpires Belts of Washington and Hughes of Washington. Time of game—1 hour 40 minutes.

I. A. C. Wins Track Meet.

By winning the distance races the I. A. C. managed to nose N. D. out of a hard fought track meet Saturday afternoon, 68 to 63. The relay race was the most sensational event of the day. Birder of the Gold and Blue squad won the relay race by a scant margin over

the I. A. C. man. Bachman starred in the field events taking three first places besides setting a new local record in the hammer throw.

George Waage, the Notre Dame miler, was presented with a bronze loving cup by his former teammates of the I. A. C. The Cup was presented by President Perry of the I. A. C. as an appreciation of Waage's stellar work while with the tricolor association. Joe Ray, the I. A. C. distance man broke the A. A. U. record held by Waage for the mile by one second.

Hardy, the freshman star, distinguished himself by winning the hundred yard dash in :10 flat and the two-twenty yard dash in the very fast time of 0:22 3-5. Johnnie Plant lost a hard fought race in the half mile to O'Donnell who finished only a yard ahead of him.

100-yard dash—Hardy, Notre Dame, first; Parker, I. A. C., second; Van Thron, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10 flat.

One-mile run—Ray, I. A. C., first; Noonan, I. A. C. second; Waage, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4:31.

220-yard dash—Hardy, Notre Dame, first; Parker, I. A. C., second; Van Thron, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:22 3-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Nicholson, I. A. C., first; Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Larkin, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:16 3-5.

440-yard run—Shriver, I. A. C., first; Birder, Notre Dame, second; Potter, I. A. C., third. Time, 0:51 2-5.

Two mile run—Martin, I. A. C., first; Cameron, I. A. C., second; Ray, I. A. C., third. Time, 10:28.

220-yard low hurdles—Kirkland, Notre Dame, first. Nicholson, I. A. C., second; Larkin, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:27 3-5.

880-yard run—O'Donnell, I. A. C., first; Plant, Notre Dame, second; McDonough, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:02 2-5.

High jump—Ahearn, Sargent and Corby of the I. A. C. tied for first place. Height, 5 feet 9 inches.

Discus throw—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Eichenlaub, Notre Dame, second; Maddigan, I. A. C. third. Distance, 122 feet 6 inches.

Pole Vault—Rockne, Notre Dame, and Bragg, I. A. C., tied for first place; Yeager, Notre Dame, third. Height, 11 feet.

Shot put—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Eichenlaub, Notre Dame, second; Rockne, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 43 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—Ahearn, I. A. C., first; Van Camp, I. A. C. second; Rockne, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 21 feet 7 inches.

Hammer throw—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Franz, I. A. C. second; Shanahan, I. A. C., third. Distance, 145 feet 3 1-2 inches.

One-mile relay—Notre Dame, first (Hardy, Waage, Welsh, Birder)—time, 3:33.

Prep - High School Track Meet.

On last Tuesday afternoon, the Notre Dame "Preps" defeated the South Bend High School for the second time this season in track. The events as a whole were of unusual class for "Prep" track. The time for the one hundred yard dash and two hundred and twenty yard dashes was of collegiate track standard. Young "Dutch" Bergman and Louis Fritch were the stars for the "Preps," while Leisure starred for the visitors. "Young Dutch" captured three events; the one hundred yard dash, the two hundred and twenty yard dash, and the Broad Jump. Bergmann's excellent work showed him to be a finished product in track athletics; his time in the one-hundred yard dash comparing very favorably with that done Saturday in the Varsity Meet. Captain Fritch won two events: the low and high hurdles and took second place in the Broad Jump. His work in all three events was of the highest grade.

Leisure of South Bend, won the quarter-mile and took second place in the initial dash and in the two-twenty. His work deserves to be commended; with a few more stars like him, the "Preps" would have had a much harder task winning. There was some indecision as to whether the relay and pole-vault should be held, as the "Preps" claim if they lost both they would still be in the lead. However it was decided to hold this event. The relay race along with the hundred yard dash were the most exciting events of the day. In the first quarter-mile, South Bend being ahead, however Bergmann cut down his opponent's lead and touched his man first. Finnegan and McDonough held their own in the their respective quarters, the latter breaking the tape the winner.

100-yard dash—Bergman, Notre Dame, first; Leisure South Bend, second; O'Shea, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10 1-5.

Mile run—Sweeney, S. B., first; Moon, S. B., second; Meehan, N. D., third. Time, 5:19 2-5.

220-yard low hurdles—Fritch, N. D., first; Martin, S. B., second; Haven, S. B., third. Time, :28 2-5.

High jump—McDonough, N. D., first; Garfield, S. B., second; Andrus, S. B., and O'Shea, N. D. tied for third. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

220-yard dash—Bergmann, N. D., first; Leisure, S. B., second; O'Shea, N. D., third. Time, :23.

Shot put—(16 pounds)—Morales, N. D., first; Andrus, S. B., second; Gaupel, N. D., third. Distance, 33 feet 3 1-2 inches.

120-yard high-hurdles—Fritch, N. D., first; Andrus, S. B., second; Haven, S. B., third. Time, :16 1-

440-yard dash—Leisure, S. B., first; Brown, N. D., second; Finnegan, N. D., third. Time, :56.

Broad jump—Bergmann, N. D., first; Fritch, N. D., second; Martin, S. B., third. Distance, 19 feet 10 inches.

One mile relay race—Notre Dame, winner (Barrett, Bergmann, Finnegan, McDonough). Time, 3:53 2-5.

The Prep Calliope.

Overheard on the campus. "Oh, only 110 more days until September."

R. I. P.

At last, dear valve, your time has come,
Your end we've longed to see.
And in your place we will insert
The Prep Calliope.

Talking of opinions, Gushurst had some line.

A PREFECT'S PLEA.

My pennants lie over the campus,
And now it is plainly to see;
That is I can not beat the Walshites,
They'll take all my pennants from me.

LIFE IN A SUITE.

JOHN:—Bill what noise is that?

BILL:—Why that's The Wail of the Lonsome Pine.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The next number on the program will be rendered by the regular SCHOLASTIC Board of Editors.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

The Journalists' SCHOLASTIC.

John Donald McDonald.

The Annual Regatta.

The "Muckraker" and "Stub."

Tubby, the mascot.

General Sheehan, Conquerer of the Army and Navy.

Sheehan, Sheehan, little star,
How I wonder who you are;
And I've often heard it said,
You are soon to be a "Fed."

We wonder what they did with the fellow who, wanted to know if the moving pictures they took of the military company last week, were to be put in the DOME next year.

Carrollite—"Give me a 'Henry George' cigar."

Clerk—"Can't do it," the clerk said, smiling, "they're for men."

"Give me a Child's then," the Carrollite came back at him. He got it.